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SUMMER RESORTS.

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND,

SEASON OF 1883.

The hotels of the Campobello Company, "THE OWEN"
and "TYN-Y-COED," will be opened for the season in
the latter part of June, and will be under the same manage-
ment as last year.

Since the closing of last season many improvements have
been made, that will greatly add to the already superlative
comforts at this unique watering place.

The season of 1882 was a great success, and so many
people were unable to get rooms that a new dormitory has
been built near Tyn-y-coed, to which it will be a pleasant
annex.

It has been constructed under the supervision of Cum-
mings A. Sears, contains sixty-four rooms and will be fur-
nished in the same attractive way as the others. Extensive
water views, abundant sunshine, and open fires on every
hand, pure spring water and good drainage, are the features
here secured.

Comfortable carriages, village carts, wagonettes, and well-
equipped saddle horses will be supplied.

The steamer Ennet has been secured, and will be used
for ferry service only.

Steam launches, rowboats, canoes, and some of the famous
'Quoddy' sailboats will always be at the command of guests.

MAN-OF-WAR NECK,

Composing about eight hundred acres, has been plotted
and divided into cottage lots of various sizes. These lots,
as well as many others, are now offered. Nearly all of those
offered last season have been sold.

Applications for board may be made to

T. A. BARKER,
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Its well known standard of excellence will be
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COOPERSTOWN,

OTSEGO CO., N. Y.

This new and elegant hotel will open for the season
about June 15. Fine boating, bathing, fishing and
driving. Send for circular.

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VOL. I. JUNE 14TH, 1883. NO. 24.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

AFTER carefully combing over the legal profession for candidates for the first prize for meanness, Justice comes proudly forward to exhibit one "ex-Judge" H. W. Leonard and one Mr. Abram Marks, alleged lawyers of this city, on her thumb-nail. The process by which any Marks in general may become a lawyer has been so ably set forth in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that the fact of this particular Marks so figuring occasions no violent surprise, but exactly how the genial Leonard comes to the front as an "ex-Judge" does not clearly appear. Hence, although the question is of tremendous importance, because of his prominence in the legal community, we are compelled, for mere lack of definite information, to let the "ex-Judge's" title pass. Both of these alleged gentlemen, Marks and Leonard, have, it appears, been actively engaged for some time in practice among the insane. That sufferers from acute dementia should retain either or both these shining lights as counsel, of course appears to us perfectly natural and consistent, and if the firm is enabled to make money out of its gibbering clients without injury to others, we are not disposed to quarrel. Recently, however, the acquisitive Leonard and the frugal Marks espied a glittering and possibly accessible bonanza in a procedure which any right-minded citizen is privileged to discuss.

A wealthy gentleman of this city was, fourteen years ago, seized with suicidal insanity, the result of a sunstroke. After being treated four years by experts at home and abroad, during which time he twice attempted the life of his wife, who was devotedly attending him, he was pronounced incurable by all and was placed in a private asylum at Flushing, L. I., where he is still tenderly treated and cared for. The wife, a lady eminent for charitable works in this city, only consented to this course when it became imperative, and the subsequent condition of the sufferer has justified it. Now this case certainly called for the utmost compassion, of any one not absolutely a brute. The bereavement was one worse than death, and hence more tenderly to be dealt with. Not so did it appear to the watery but fixed eye of the merry ex-Judge, and not so did it feel to the itching palm of his Semitic pal. The sufferer was rich; so were his family. They would naturally be averse to appearing in a court of justice or having him dragged there, and hence there would be money in the pockets of those who would attempt to reopen the old wounds of sorrow by giving the case new publicity, and bringing an action. The result

has recently been made public and needs no reference. Messrs. Marks and Leonard failed in their design. They neither got money from their victim nor bribes from his family, and so they dropped the profitless case. Possibly another asylum may yield them a better return. So long as the punishment of blackmail in the guise of justice is unprovided for by the criminal statutes, we presume this noble firm, Marks and Leonard, will thrive. The respect of honest men and the earning of bread honorably is evidently as far beyond their reach as a sense of shame at their brutal act is beyond the possibilities of their nature, but to men of their stripe dollars are dollars, no matter whence or how they come.

It is to be remarked that the "ex-Judge" Leonard who figures in this case is not ex-Judge William H. Leonard, well known in this city.

IT is pleasant to observe the difference between Northern and Southern journalism. The lower the latitude the more violent and aggressive the editorial language. From flinging epithets and bottles to the exchange of leaden bullets of large calibre, the way is easy and swift when rival editors in a Texan town have a difference to settle, and the coroner's jury, after reading a few excerpts from each paper and viewing both talented corpses, is able to pronounce upon the merits of the case without the danger of an appeal from either, and unless the widows get to fighting, which they sometimes do, the question is at rest forever. Here in the North we resort to courtesy and circumlocution to gain the same end. Observe the quiet dignity and elegant phrasing of the following from the *New York Times* of the 6th inst.:

"Merely pausing to remark pleasantly that the statement in the above circular that free trade 'is advocated by *The New York Times*' is a lie and that the editor of the *Tribune* knew it to be a lie when he wrote it, we will proceed to set forth," etc., etc.

There is no violence in this—no insinuation—no discourtesy. The *Times* merely wishes the *Tribune* to know that it, the *Tribune*, is a liar. This is simply a matter of information of which the *Times*, as a newspaper, is discoursing for the benefit of the public in general, and the *Tribune* in particular. It lays no special stress upon the adduced fact, but merely "pauses to remark" it "pleasantly." Then, having satisfactorily paused, it proceeds to the real business in hand, which is to so increase the temperature of the *Tribune's* editorial room that the chief occupant of that exalted apartment shall be in no danger of immediate frost-bite. In this brotherly undertaking it is modest and self-sacrificing. It acknowledges the *Tribune's* unquestionable supremacy in certain important lines of work. It cheerfully says to its subscribers:

"But we tell you frankly that *The Times* is incomplete. The editor's grandmother not being a member of the staff, it has no Department of Knitting and Crocheting. If you knit your own drawers and stockings *The Times* won't do for you. You must take the *Tribune*, which maintains an unchallenged supremacy in that high and useful art."

This graceful allusion to the grandmaternal accomplishment is of course intended to remove the slight suspicion which the *Tribune's* editor might have that the article was personal. Furthering this end the *Times* concludes with a wild burst of self-depreciation:

"The Times has never once been compelled to sell or prostitute itself to a stock-jobber, to pawn its shares with an insurance company for money to keep its head above water, or to send its editor out to play the toady with great or rich men for their favor and influence."

It is so infrequent that the public is given a clear insight into one editor's private opinion of another editor, that the *Times'* frank acknowledgment of its views of the *Tribune* will be bound to receive enormous attention, and we are glad to observe that it is so gracious and kindly in its method as not to be liable in the least to a charge of malice or ill-temper.

* * *

THE public demands that some means be devised by law to prevent drunken or stupid drug clerks putting up murderous doses of morphine in place of the harmless quinine or epsom salts ordered by the physician. Professor Ogden Doremus, some years ago, reported in favor of compelling druggists to keep their poisons under lock and key, that the difficulty of access to them might lessen the chances of the clerks' making such fatal errors. Some such legislation is certainly a necessity. Between the quack doctor, and the reckless and blundering druggist, the sick have but little chance.

* * *

THE Staten Island Club is encouraging vice by being so lenient to Irving Duer, the thief who, in the guise of a gentleman, has been pilfering from his fellow-clubmen for several years. Good birth and education should not be allowed to plead for a thief. The better his social position the heavier his punishment should be. Duer's crime calls for especial severity, for he tried to fasten suspicion upon an innocent man. This proves him to be a scoundrel of the vilest variety, to whom no mercy should be extended.

* * *

It is also asserted that Daniel Pratt has made a will bequeathing the Presidency of the United States to Roscoe Conkling. Now if the Count de Chambord had bequeathed Roscoe Conkling to the son of Daniel Pratt there is no telling what mighty changes the geography of our country might have undergone. And even as it is we are not out of the woods yet.

"WHAT are the wi-hildwaves sa-hay-hay-ing,
Si-his-ter, the whole da-a-hay long?"

"That the summer boarders will be paying
Remarkably steep rates for a singularly indifferent
article of board and lodging in the course of a few
weeks—that, brother, so far as I can make it out,
appears to be the purport of their saw-haw-haw-hong!"

UVÆ ACIDULOSÆ.

COCK-EYED Benjamin Franklin B.
Got awfully left on his L.L.D.;
An honor conferred by the Harvard Trustee
On Govs. elected annuallee.
But Ben didn't mind. "You know," sezee,
"When it's scooped by a man like Rutherford B.,
Or the President-ex, Ulysses S. G.,
'Tis a barren and empty L.L.Degree,
Not worth a tinker's D-D-D.
To me,"

Sezee. J. K. B.

THE OLD TRUNDLE BED.

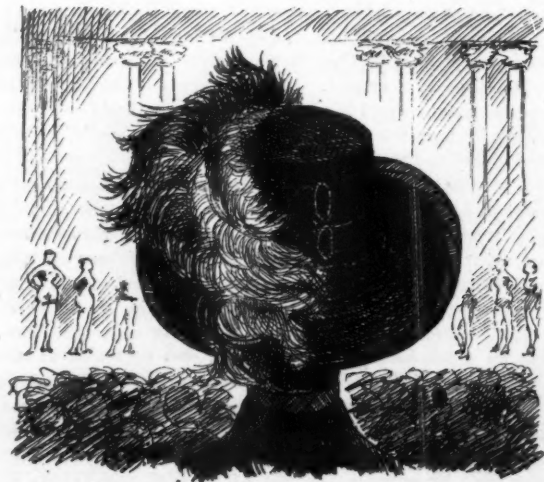
O, THE OLD trundle bed where I slept when a boy!
What canopied king might not covet the joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine.
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night.
O, a nest of delight from the foot to the head
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle bed!

O, the old trundle bed, where I wondering saw
The stars through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crept
Through the trees where the robin so restlessly slept.
Where I heard the low murmurous cheep of the wren,
And the katydid listlessly chirrup again,
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily led
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle bed.

O, the old trundle bed! O, the old trundle bed!
With its plump little pillow and old-fashioned spread;
Its snowy-white sheets, and the blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep
With the old fairy stories my memories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head
Once bowed with my own o'er the old trundle bed.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

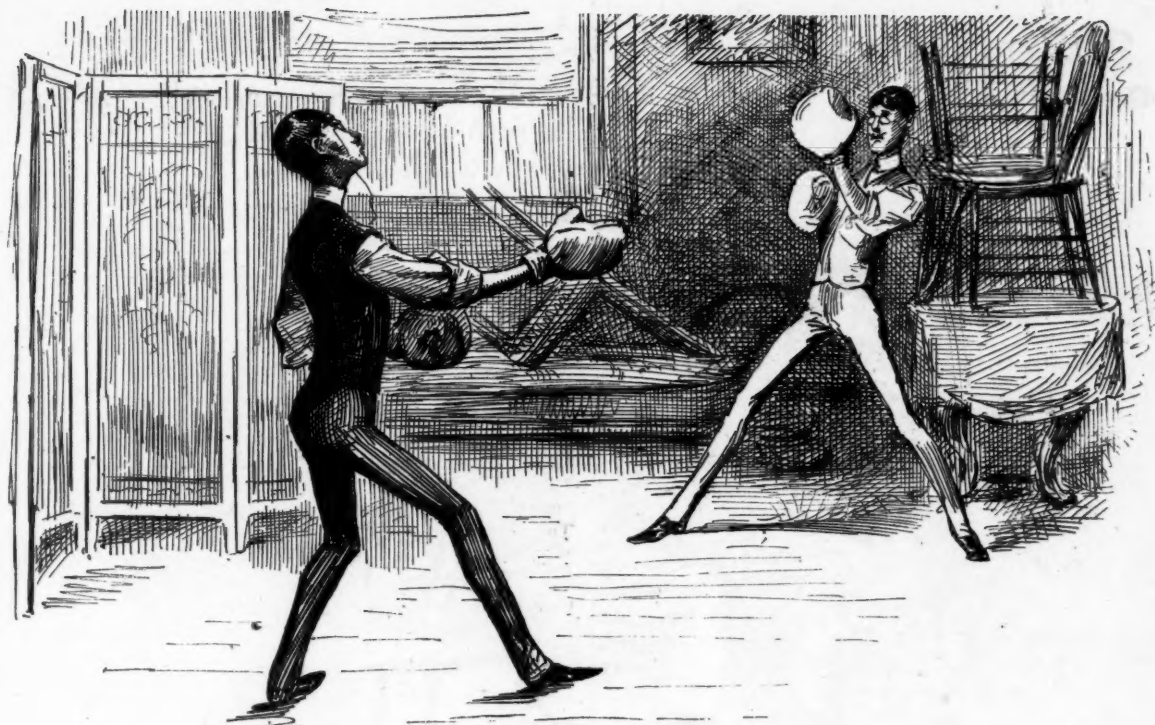
BUTLER, of Mass., had a chill last week. His private thermometer fell one degree.



HOW I SAW THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

WANTED.—Information as to when and where I shall go fishing this month. C. A. ARTHUR, Washington, D. C.

Is THE horse pistol senior to the Colt's revolver?



AMATEUR BOXING.

1st Amateur : NO SLUGGING, NOW.
 2d Amateur : ALL RIGHT, NO HITTING HARD, YOU KNOW.
 1st Amateur : AND NO KNOCKING OUT, EITHER.
 2d Amateur : KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.
 1st Amateur : NO RUNNING IN ON A FELLOW.
 2d Amateur : LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF, THEN.

HE WAS A SEARCHER.

THERE was sold in this city, last week, the collection of a virtuoso and bric-à-brac hunter who has retired from business. It was a queer lot, taken altogether, as Satan is reported to have said of the Ten Commandments, when he first read them. There were yataghans from Montenegro, scalping-knives from the Mandan country, Chinese ceramics and Peruvian rubbish, Louis Quatorze furniture, Spanish leather-work, Roman relics, Mexican silver filagree, East Indian brasses and North American wampum, bronzes from Paris and Capo di Monte ware, Dutch carvings and Alaskan wood-butcheries, Gobelin tapestry and Navajo blankets. It was the spoil of innumerable private museums, the riff-raff of junk-shops and the loot of one who, in his day, had been a sort of social bandit, guerilla, the terror of the town:

Looking at the motley jumble, a purse-proud millionaire, bewildered, said: "Did he buy all these things?"

"Oh, no," replied a seedy newspaper man, "many

of them were given to him; that is to say, he—collected them."

"Bless my life!" cried the amazed millionaire, "but he couldn't have stolen all of these, you know."

"Convey, the wise it call," was the Delphic response of the seedy one.

Into the auction room sauntered the club wit, Talboys the imperturbable, peering into pots and pans, opening the doors of buhl cabinets, and shaking out the folds of Persian embroideries.

"Are you a buyer, Tal., that you should scan this collection so closely?"

"No," answered Tal., while a sad smile irradiated his gig-lamps, "I'm a searcher. I'm looking for my lavender trowsers."

But in the cheaply erudite catalogue there was no mention made of lavender trowsers.

PROVERB by a milliner: Wilful waist makes woful Jersey.

THERE were heroes before Agamemnon, but they didn't advertise.

SPRINGTIDE

1
Where shall we go this summer,
It's gettin' blarsted hot,
Every one's a leavin' town,
Stay here? - well, I guess not.



2
No show up town, yer know BILL,
Houses all shet up tight,
Most the folks as I knows well
Hez quit, - cant get a bite

3
Let's try the Branch, an' Newport,
Take in Saritogy, -
Cape May? - well, le'me see
Aint that a bit old foggy?

So where 'll it be this summer,
It aint no more'n fair
For our health and sperets, BILL,
Ter hev a change of air.



THE JUICE.

POLICEMAN Gilligan, who had been transferred to Avenue A, was asked how he liked his new beat.

"It's the devil's own bate intoirely," replied the imported official; "but the wust av it is the Juice."

"Indeed! Is the whiskey so bad down here?"

"It ain't the whiskey I'm complainin' av, sor. Whiskey is whiskey, wheriver yez foind it. It's the Juice—thim bloody Pagans that made the Howly Vargin an orfin. Bad cess to thim, I can't git along with thim at all at all."

"What's the matter with the Jews, Mr. Gilligan?"

"Phwat dir yez think av this, now? There's wan av thim wid a jawbreakin' name that kapes his old clo' shtore open wake in an' wake out. I wint in to arrist him wan Sunday, an' he tould me he kep' Sathurday for Sunday accordin' to his religion. I didn't belave him, but sivinty-sivin other Juice colloqued in wid him, an' they said to me, 'He does,' sez they."

"Thin I laid for him the nixt Sathurday, an' the shtore was wide open; but phwen I arristed him he said it wasn't Sunday. 'Yez tould me,' sez I, 'that yez kep' Sathurday for Sunday.' 'But I've changed me religion,' sez he."

"So I shtopped in on a Sunday, an' the shtore was full av people, an' he was busy as the devil shwindlin' thim right an' lift. 'I've got yez now,' sez I. But he up an' tould me that the corpse av his brother was in the back room, an' the neighbors had come in to the wake, an' he was fittin' thim out wid funeral close at his own ixpinse, an' it was a big cost to him intoirely. I wint into the back room, an' sure enough, sor, there was the hooknose corpse in a chape coffin, an' sivinty-sivin hooknose mourners, an the shmell av Kimmel dhruv me out."

"I had to let him go; but I sint a detictive around the nixt day, an' the detictive found the wax mask av that hooknose corpse in a corner. Phwat can yez do wid thim Juice, annyhow?"

WHAT I WOULD DO IF I MADE \$1,000,000.

THINK I had got the worst of the deal.—*Jay Gould.*

NOT pay my debts.—*Gilded Youth.*

LOSE it in Wall Street.—*Penniless Speculator.*

RAISE Mapleson \$1,000 a performance on Patti.—*Henry E. Abbey.*

BUY a place in the country.—*City Resident.*

REMOVE to the city.—*Country Resident.*

SET up a liferary bureau.—*T. F. Bayard.*

BY dimons and buckets of flours for Lilly.—*Freddie.*

MAKE another, if the Americans were geese enough.—*Lilly.*

ENDOW Harvard College with it.—*B. F. Butler.*

SAY I had made \$10,000,000.—*Rufus Hatch.*



WANTED—A decorator who understands outside work. Address, L. F. O.

SERENADE.

OVER ye Newark flats ye snipe
Wendeth hys mystick way;
Ye woodman puffs hys evening pype,
While ye four-spot taketh the tray.
Ye cat lyes down on her tuneful breast,
And all thyngs are happy but me;
For I am a lover with love oppressed,
I pyne, I pyne for thee.

Ye radiant, soft electrick lyght
Eclipseth ye twynkling star;
And ye waves of liquid, warm delycht
Break on ye hotel bar.
Ye polyceman sweareth upon hys beat,
And all thyngs are restful but me;
As I said before, and now repeat,
I pyne, I pyne for thee.

W. J. HENDERSON.

UNFAMILIAR ANECDOTES.

SIR PETER LELY AND CROMWELL.

SIR PETER LELY being about to paint a portrait of Cromwell, the Protector exclaimed loud enough to be heard of the reporters in the ante-room: "Have a care, sir! Paint me as I am. Leave out one wrinkle, one line, that wart on the end of my nose, at your peril!" Unhappily the painter, being short-sighted, did not notice the wink with which this speech was accompanied, and applied himself to the work with such realistic zeal that when it was completed the Protector, after dancing upon his hat with delighted appreciation, seized the earliest opportunity to confiscate his property and exile him to the Continent as a Royalist conspirator against the Commonwealth.

AIRY, fairy Lillian has Russelled away, as it were. She is on the bounding high C, a-telling the little fishie-wishes how much she loves 'em, and how she would like to feed 'em some more, only she can't, and then she will tell 'em all about the fishes she caught in New York, which were suckers. Naughty, naughty Lilly! Consider this Lilly, how she grew. She toiled not, neither did she spin, and yet Solomon, in all his glory—but just wait until Solomon's first wife catches him on the other side!

• LIFE •





BENJAMIN THE MARTYR.

*"Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows!"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Harvard Collège: YOU SHALL NOT HAVE IT, YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY MAN. I SHALL JUST GIVE IT WHENEVER I PLEASE; SO THERE,
NOW!

Chorus of Excited Overseers: YES, WE WILL CRUSH YOU WITH OUR AWFUL WRATH, YOU BOLD, BAD, WICKED BEN.



CONSOLED.

HOW those beastly breakers moan
 As they wash the shore!
 Sitting on the rocks alone
 Gets to be a bore.
 Into smoke my cigarette
 Slowly winds away.
 Long ago it seems, and yet
 It was yesterday—
 Yesterday the sky seemed fair;
 I was here with Nan;
 Now she's round the corner there
 With another man.
 I can see her sunshade's top
 Bobbing up and down.
 If that cad intends to stop
 I shall go to town.
 There's a Boston train to-night
 Starts at half-past eight.
 Hello! Who's that girl in white?
 Why, by Jove! it's Kate!
 She is looking rather worse,
 And extremely blue.
 I remember now, of course,
 She's deserted, too!
 What she saw in such a man
 Would be hard to state,
 But for weeks that beast with Nan
 Has been spoons on Kate.
 Poor dear Kit! it's hardly bliss
 Sitting there alone.
 How piquant her profile is,
 Seen against the stone!
 If I really go to town
 Nan will merely say
 That she only had to frown
 And I rushed away.
 Kitty's voice is sweet and low,
 Kitty's eyes are grey;

They can glance at one, I know,
 In a charming way.
 Six o'clock. The wind is cold,
 Blowing from the sea.
 Kate! we've both been badly sold—
 Please walk home with me!



ACCORDING to the contemporary press, "nearly every resident of Colorado has a valuable piece of property to dispose of." "Many men, many mines," as it were.

TRUSTEES OF HARVARD COLLEGE:

Gentlemen—This is to certify that about six months ago I was seized with a burning pain on the left side of my ambition, and couldn't sleep by day or night. One bottle of your "Harvard Elixir" has cured me. Gratefully yours, BENJAMIN BUTLER.—*Adv.*

IT has been for centuries the custom of the Irish Catholic Church to bury its dead in consecrated ground, and to charge the mourners a round apostolic sum for the blessed privilege thus enjoyed by the deceased. The rich sinner who was inhumed nearest the altar was, of course, taxed most heavily, and was, in return, the first to be plucked from purgatorial pains by masses, while the poor reprobate, whose bones mouldered on the cheap outskirts of the sacred lot, lay howling in seven-fathom hell until the full term of his penance expired. It was popularly supposed by the ignorant that the large sums paid for grave-yard shares, on this principle, gave to the corpse an eternal right to his last resting-place, and that the last to trample upon the dead man's rights would be the church he had enriched. As the organ of the Irish Catholic Church, we hasten to correct this error. No one has a right to property which the church can sell. The Catholic grave-yards in this city have long since been sold in parcels, but the church reserves the right, just so soon as money for masses ceases to flow in from the family of the deceased, to cast out the entire lot of cadavers and plant fresh ones.

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON II.—Fire Escapes.



WHAT does this gentleman see?

An iron fire-escape, darling.

Of what use is it?

It enables poor iron-mongers to make a living.

How?

They sell the iron and also charge for putting it up.

Oh! but I thought it was a benefit to the house.

So it is.

How?

It is very ornamental.

Is it not also useful?

Yes, for it may be sold to the junk men for there

per cent. of its original cost.

But how does it act in case of fire?

It stays right where it is.

Cannot people climb down it?

They can try.

Is it difficult to climb down a fire-escape?

Not more difficult than to turn a triple back somersault.

Then most people would fail if they tried?

Very probably.

How, then, would it enable them to escape being burned to death?

By enabling them to break their necks.

But if the persons do not want to have their necks broken?

They can stay in the burning building.

Can't they do anything else?

Yes, they can jump from the window.

Then fire-escapes are really quite dangerous things?

Oh, no; no one is obliged to use them unless he chooses.

Then why do the poor builders put them up?

Because they are compelled to by law.

Could the man who made the law climb down a fire-escape?

I should like to see him try.

Has he ever tried?

No.

How do you know?

Because he still lives.

Then will you please tell me what earthly good is the fire-escape?

It is a comfort to the poor chuckleheads who live in the ninth story of a fire trap?

How a comfort?

They think they are safe.

But are they safe?

About as safe as the nigger who smokes in a powder magazine.*

What should the poor chuckleheads do, then?

They should move out of the fire trap.

But will they move out?

Not immediately.

Why?

They are waiting for a fire.

Will they move out then?

Oh, yes!

C.



OUR BOYS

YOU MIGHT STOP LONG ENOUGH TO PLAY A GAME OF MARBLES, BILLY.

MARBLES! DO YOU SUPPOSE A MAN WHO IS IN WALL ST. HAS TIME TO PLAY MARBLES?

THE great American Dessert—Pie.

A WOMAN'S beauty affords her less pleasure than the other woman's lack of it.

WE have received a small book entitled "English As She Is Spoke" Did this emanate from the Hub!

QUERY—How can there be so much mud in the streets when all the statesmen of the country are actively engaged in throwing it at each other?



BIOGRAPHETTE.

NO. XVI.

SITTING BULL.

THIS illustrious philanthropist is said to be a lineal descendent of the famous Irish Bulls, although there is some reason to believe that he was derived from one of the Papal Bulls of the XIIth century. Sitting Bull was born in a wigwam forty-seven years ago, and has made many a wig warm since. He embarked in the cattle and hair business when a mere lad, and has now accumulated a fortune valued at several hundred scalps and several kegs of fire water. He is the typical Cooper Indian, and dresses exactly like a retail tobacco sign. From his habit of assuming a sedentary position upon the United States troops sent in pursuit of him, he received his title. Sitting Bull has recently become a Methodist. He intends holding a camp-meeting in July, to which the Y. M. C. A., Dr. Potter, Dr. Dix and Mrs. Devereux are cordially invited, and it is hoped they will go.

UPON a Dallas (Tex.) man's tombstone is graven this touching epitaph:

"Here lies the body of William Beven.
We trust his soul is snug in Heaven.
His character it was without a flaw;
But he *would* monkey with his buzz-saw."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YOUTHFUL DRUGGIST.—1. No; epsom salts and prussic acid are not the same thing. 2. It depends somewhat on the verdict of the Coroner's jury.

HARVARD TRUSTEE.—Do we "think it necessary to rub it into old Ben" any more? No.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—Send stamp for your poem. We have no puzzle department.

BRADY, *Washington*.—1. Yes, they cut the hair quite close. 2. It depends how long you have to serve.

WIDOW OF LATE AUTHOR OF DUDE JOKES.—Yes, the remains have been forwarded C. O. D.

MARK T.—Couldn't think of it.

DAVID D.—Yes, it is quite warm enough for us, thank you

VICTORIA, *Balmoral*.—1. No. "John Brown's Body" is a purely American lyric and has no reference to your late lamented gillie. 2. Address O'Donovan Rossa, care "Irish World," this city.

LEO, *Rome*. 1. Yes, you *are* in a fix. 2. Compromise the matter and give Parnell half. 3. No, this journal is not strictly a Papal organ.

A SIRIUS necessity—The dog pound.

TALES FROM THE NORSE.

ONE day Odin put the McClellan saddle on the horse Sleipner and went to visit the giant Vafthrudner. Sleipner was the bjoss hjoss and could go a mile inside of 1.28 as easy as lying. He had eight jlegs and "runes were carved on his teeth." The runes of yesterday's tjurkey probably, which is usually carved on the tjeeth. Vafthrudner was a giant who prided himself on knowing as much as a man pianist. This was not much for a god, but it was a great deal for a jgiant. Odin sat down and they began asking each other hard questions, with their heads as forfeits, until the convention sounded like the Concord summer school of philosophy, breaking out at Christmas. Odin to play jroots on Vafthrudner, called himself Gangraad.

"Do you spell it with a j?" asked Vafthrudner.

"Jno," replied Odin, "ji jam jnot ja Jnorsejmanjn, jbut jcan jyout jtell jme jwhy the Bjrooklyn Bjridge is like a Bjeer Sjaloos?"

"Because he has no pocket to put it in?" said Vafthrudner.

"No," replied Odin, closing his eyes and looking satisfied, as a man who had just propounded a stjumper.

"To get on the other side?" suggested Vafthrudner.

"Guess again," said the gjod.

"To cover his head," tried the giant.

"No."

"Because it's a slow pup?"

"Nuck."

"Because one is a daisy level and the oth—"

"Tjut; tjut!" said Odin quickly, forgetting that he was only Gangraad.

"I know: when it's ajar?"

"Noap."

"Because the cattle eat it?"

"Nary."

"Ah—er—ah—oh pshajw! Two pigs under the gate!"



Scene: The rehearsal of a tragedy by amateurs. Amateur "dying." Old professional actor.

Misguided Amateur (learned in the technicalities of stage idiom): IOLANTHE, I DIE, AND WITH MY LAST BREATH, I BLESS THEE. (Dies at length. Then raising his head, he asks the stage-manager, an old professional actor, who has kindly consented, etc.): I HAVE NO "BUSINESS" HERE, HAVE I, MR. SCOWL?

Old Professional Actor: I HAVE NO HESITATION IN SAYING—AND I SAY IT BOLDLY—YOU HAVE *no business* HERE AT ALL!

"Guess again."

"Because he's taking a gallop up."

"No, no."

"Well, I give it up."

"Because," said Odin solemnly, "it's not trussed."

And he opened his eyes and looked severely through a flint mjournal, 10,000 miles away.

"Yes," said Vafthrudner, slowly, like a man dropping an ace out of his sleeve, "but it is."

"What is?" demanded Odin.

"The Brooklyn bridge," replied the giant; "it is stiffened with trusses; all suspension bridges are."

"Well!" roared Odin, with a howl that raised a lump on the mountain he had been looking at, "what of that? The beer saloon is n't!"

And then the giant recognized the gjod, and remarking that he didn't often die, but when he did it was about this time of the century, twisted off his head and handed it to Odin, who carried it to Asgard, and the gods feasted on souse. As the Elder Edda sings, in Grimmer's lay—

The gods and dwarfs were there to dine
And many more beside,
And what they could not eat that night,
Next morning Mrs. Oder Freyjad.

R. J. BURDETTE.

AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

1881.

ONLY the blue far above me,
Fragrance of cedar and pine—
Gently, sweet breeze, gently move me,
Low in my hammock of vine.

Only the blue far above me,
Round me the jasmine and rose;
If I should tell, would she love me?
Can it be true that she knows?

Deep as the blue far above me
Flows the wild stream of my soul;
Ah! if she would only prove me,
Show me or tell me the goal.

Dark grows the blue far above me,
Bitter and strong the breeze blows;
I may not know if she loves me,
Nor do I care if she knows.

R.

If any one knows a real good antidote for sea-sickness, he will hear something to his advantage by addressing Chandler, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

Try the Ingersoll Hair Restorer. 25 cents.—*Adv.*

THE FIRST HOP OF THE SEASON.



THE INVITATION.



THE WALTZ.



THE RACKET.



WHEW!

THE best thing in print—a pretty girl in a calico dress.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE new patent electric chair for the execution of criminals is, it seems to us, altogether too humane. The ordinary parlor chair, for instance, would furnish plenty of punishment of a more decided character,—*Lowell Courier.*

IT affords us great delight to see the article headed "A Year Without a Summer" making its fifty-fourth annual tour. We should feel lonesome if we didn't see the article in our exchanges about this time of year.—*Norristown Herald.*

MANY persons have been disappointed upon hearing that Sullivan's especial function as a bass-ball player does not consist in thrashing the umpire.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

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